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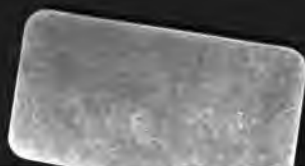
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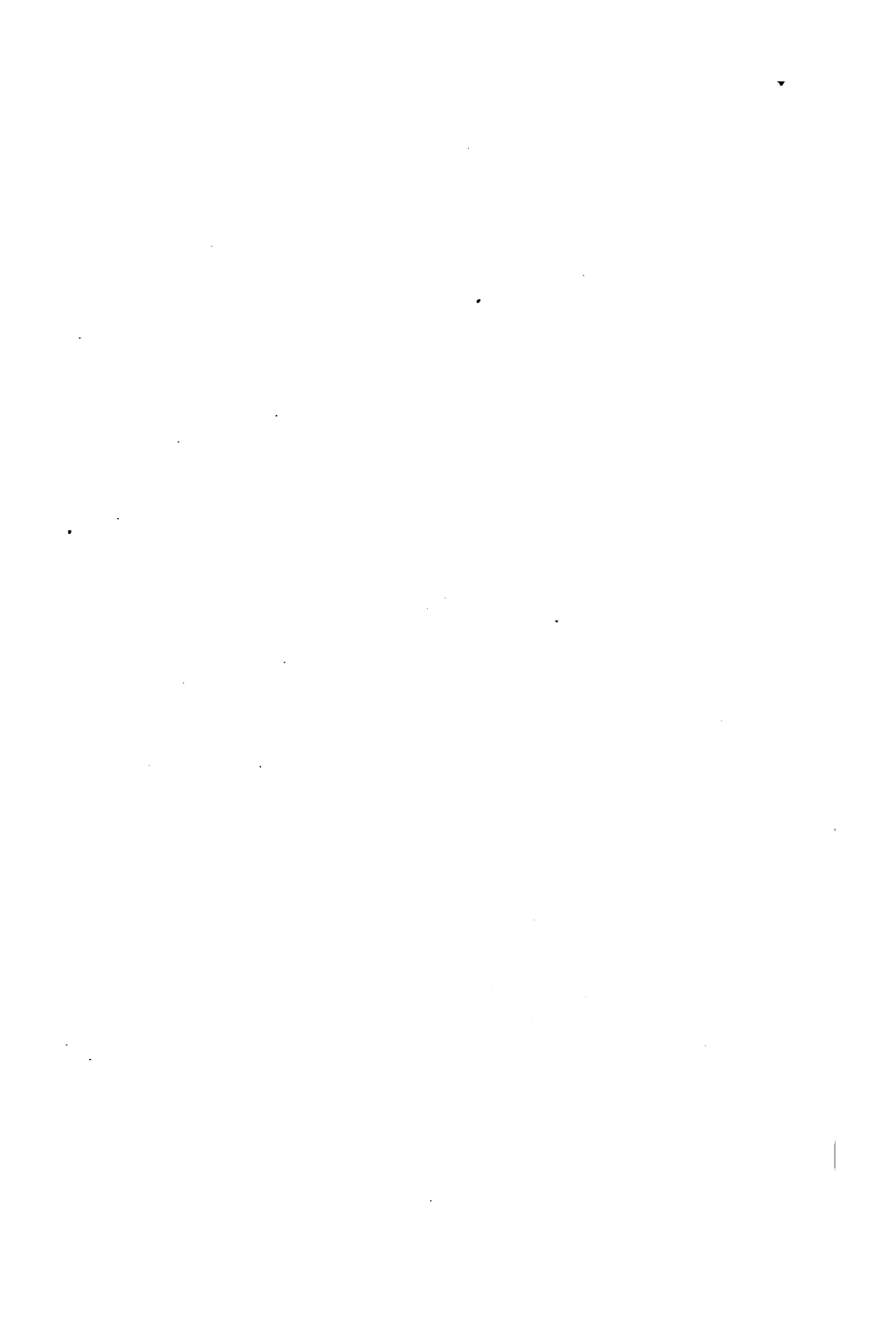


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# VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*,

BOOKS I, AND II.



LONDON: PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

THE FIRST TWO BOOKS  
OF  
THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED BY

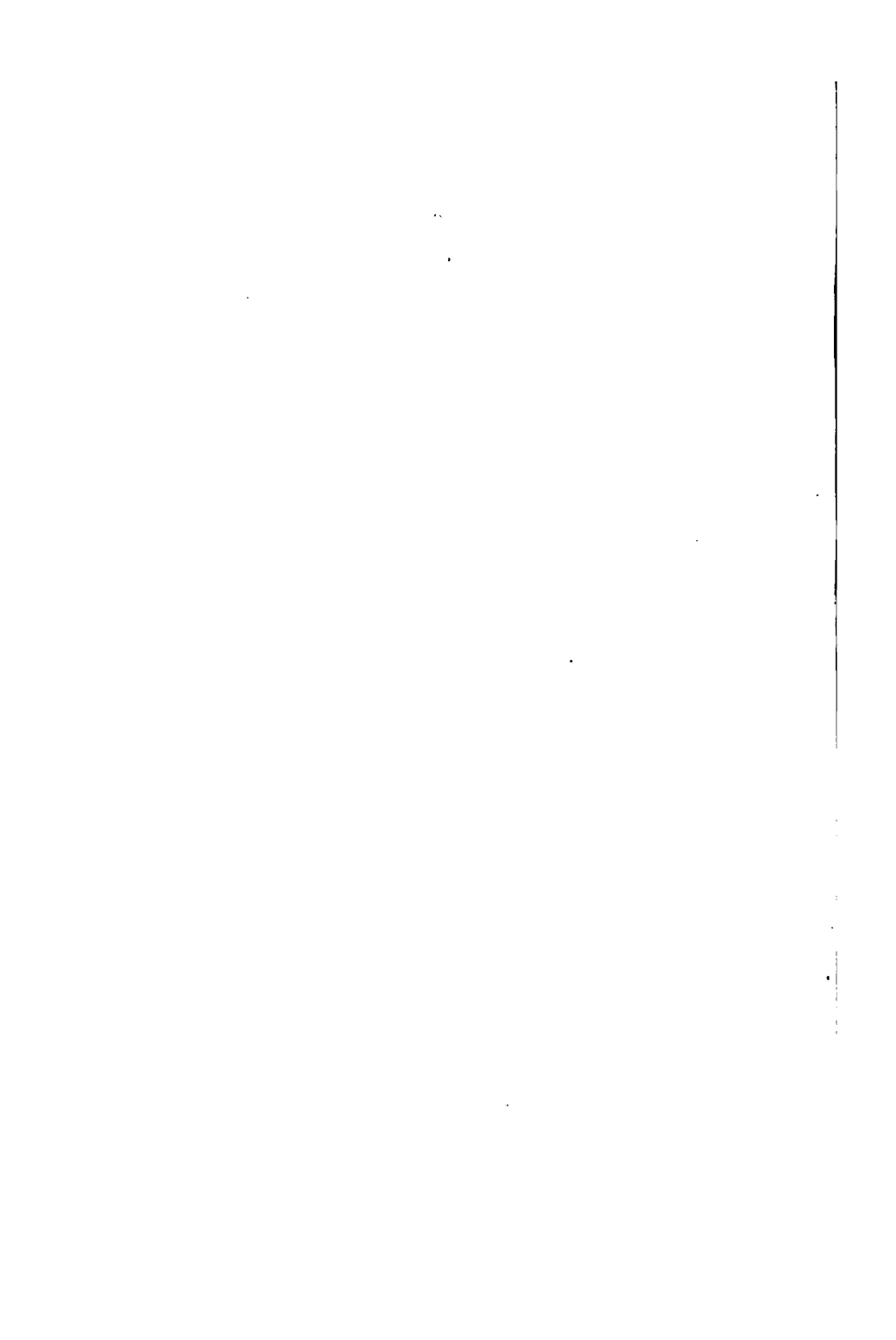
EMPSON EDWARD MIDDLETON.

*WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.*



LONDON:  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
1870.

298. f. 11.



**In Memory**

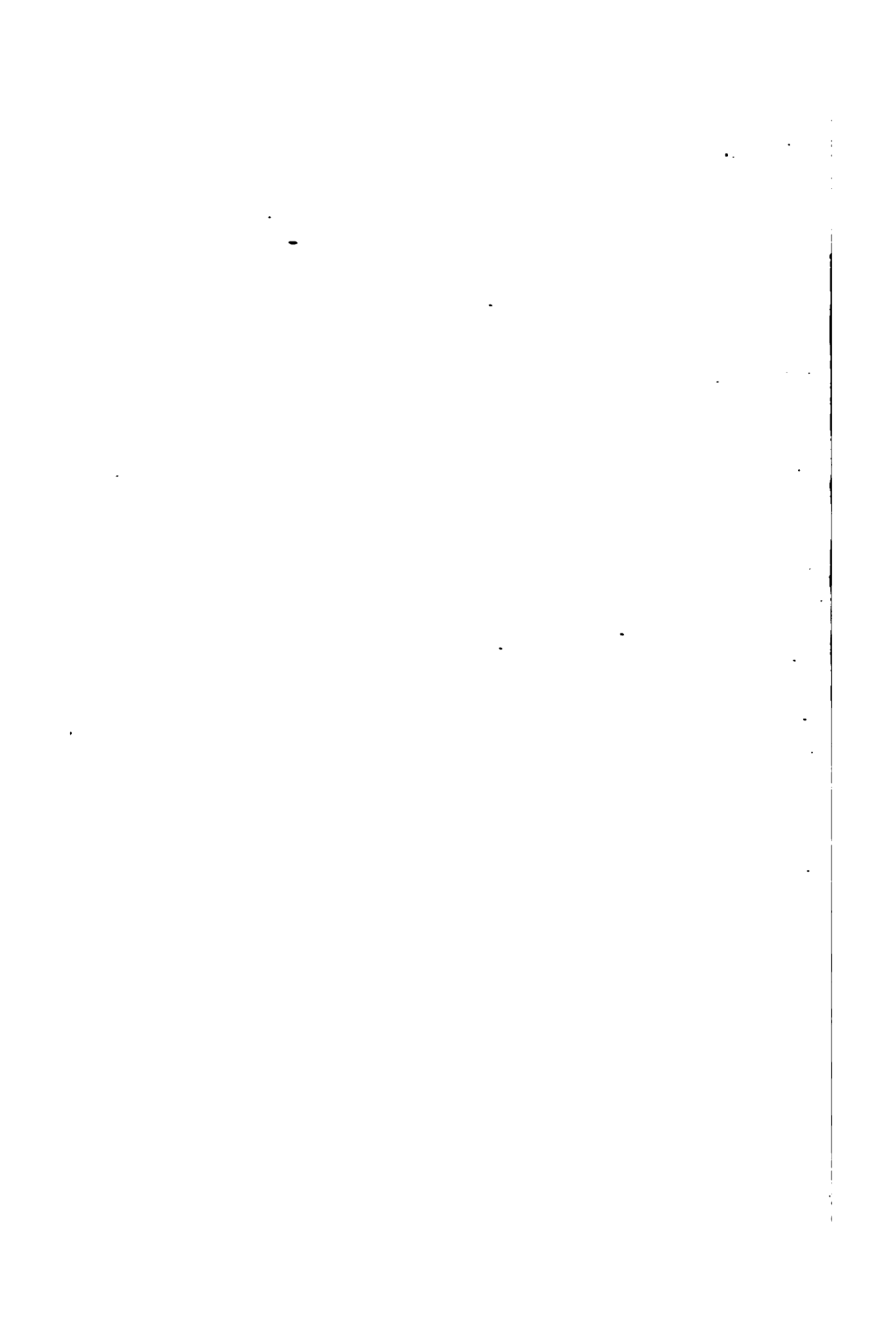
**OF**

**MY FATHER,**

**BOSWELL MIDDLETON,**

**LATE**

**ADVOCATE-GENERAL OF JAMAICA.**



# THE ÆNEID.

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## BOOK I.

I SING of clashing steel, the Prince who first  
Expelled from Troy, by heaven's vengeful thirst  
Attained Lavinian shores, Italian land,  
Ill-starred on earth and sea, by gods' command,  
To slake fell Juno's ire: and battle-tost  
Until his city rose, his gods had crossed  
The sea to Latium, whence the walls of Rome,  
The Latin race, the Alban fathers' home,  
O Muse, explain the mysteries of his strife,  
The godly wrath; why Jove's offended wife  
Pursued the virtuous prince with woe on woe,  
Can fiendish vengeance fell the gods so low?

The famous Carthage, built by men of Tyre,  
Re-flashed the rays of Latin Tiber's fire.  
Enormous wealth ; its fierce and warlike race  
Won Juno's preference, Samos losing grace.  
Her bristling steel, her chariot scorned the foe,  
That nations bowed ; or fate discharged the blow.  
But she had heard a conquering regal race,  
Of Teucer's line, should subjugate, debase  
The Libyan realm and Tyre—as fate presaged :  
Distressed ; remembering, weary war she waged,  
That Greece might level Troy—resenting sore  
Her lord's neglect, and bleeding to the core,  
That Paris judged ; her charms had failed to plead ;  
That Jove embraced Electra, Ganymede :  
She tossed the Trojan remnant on the main,  
Nor Greece nor yet Achilles' wrath had slain !  
And drove them far from Latium : Thus they sailed  
For many years while adverse fates prevailed :  
So vast the task to found the city Rome.  
The Trojans scarce had left Sicilian foam,

When Juno's bleeding heartstrings thus lament.  
'Desist? nor check this Trojan king's descent  
On Italy? And why? that fates defeat!  
Did not Minerva burn the Grecian fleet?  
And drown the crew for insults but of one  
The frenzied wrath of Ajax, Oïleus' son?  
She flashed the lightning from the riven sky,  
Dispersed their ships o'er billows mountain-high,  
And hurled the madman, pierced by heaven's fire,  
With whirlwind-force, to die on rocky pyre.  
But I, who march the Queen of queens, the wife  
And sister to the Jove, must drag the strife  
Through weary years against a single foe:  
Pray who will worship where my altars glow?'  
She fumes, and seeks Æolia's tempest-womb,  
The cavern Æolus commands, to doom  
The moaning gales; the whirlwind's swelling roars  
To clank the chains, and beat the prison doors.  
Their wrath re-echoes round the mountain cells  
The king, enthroned, assuages or compels.



The sceptre rules, lest all become a grave,  
As Jove perceived and hurled them in a cave,  
And piled upon them mountains in a mass,  
Ordaining them a king to guard the pass,  
Who ruled ; has learnt the strength of law to curb  
The dignity to govern nor disturb.  
The queen appeals : ‘ O Æolus, whose gales  
Join hearts on earth, on high as soul prevails.  
A hateful people sail the Tuscan sea,  
About to carry into Italy  
Their household gods, their custom and their joy,  
Too soon to grow a new insulting Troy.  
Impel the winds, and sink their floating ships,  
Or else destroy their fleet-like fellowships,  
And send them scattered o’er the ocean’s face,  
To wander separate tracks, a broken race.  
And as reward, I give Deïopeia—  
The fairest of my fourteen nymphs—to cheer  
Your nuptial couch ; be yours for evermore  
To scatter lovely children o’er your floor.’

Thus Æolus replies : 'O queen, 'tis yours  
To name the deed ; obedience but adores.  
You prop my throne with smiles of Jove, the power  
To dine with gods, to rule the gale and shower.'  
He answered, whirled his spear, and struck the cave :  
The tempests rush in mass o'er land and wave,  
From south and east, and rough south-west, and speed  
As whirlwinds follow gales ; as each succeed  
To quiver ocean's depths ; awake the shore,  
With mighty billows lash ; resounding roar.  
Men shout ; the cordage creaks ; and darkness reigns ;  
The thunders crash ; re-flash the lightning's chains :  
All nature threats with death, as if indeed  
The heavens bowed to crush the earthly seed.  
Enēius shudders, lifts beseeching hands,  
Laments : ' O happy men, who died in lands  
Before your parents' eyes, the Trojan height.  
O Tydeus' son who ever led the fight !  
Why fell I not to thee on Trojan plains,  
Where, slaughtered by Achilles' steel, remains

Stern Hector, where the bold Sarpedon lies  
And where Simois' rolling purifies  
The shields, the helms, and slain ?' But while he rails  
The northern tempest roars against his sails,  
And heaves the sea ; oars break, the prow falls off  
And turns the vessel's side towards the trough.  
The foaming billow threatens in a mass ;  
Now these are hanging on the rugged pass ;  
To those a grave opes heaven but no earth,  
Such walls of water surge around their berth.  
A furious tide shows where the shallow curls,  
And sucks three vessels which the south wind hurls  
On rocks—Hesperia's Tombstones, named because  
They wreck, nor rise to bear a saving clause.  
The east wind drives three more on flats and shoals,  
A wretched heap, which soon form sandy knolls.  
The Lycian barque is pooped ; the rushing wave  
Engulphs Orontes, whirls him to the grave.  
The pilot gone, the vessel thrice turns round,  
The seething eddies close o'er sight and sound ;

But swimmers, dying hard, contest their dooms  
With shields, and planks, and wealth to mark their tombs.  
Ilioneus, Achates, Abbas, and  
Alethes suffer, leak on every hand.  
But Neptune's wrath o'erlooks the foaming tide,  
Engulphing seas, the very world defied  
For Juno's hate. He lectures East and West.  
'Is Jove your slave? Rebel ye to contest  
With me? Beware—but first to still the main—  
Offend again, I double bar and chain.  
Now flee; declare a message to your king,  
The fates ordained not him, but me, to swing  
The awful trident, govern ocean's host.  
The rocks are his, your homes. Let Æolus boast  
To caverns, reign, where gloomy tempests curse.'  
Thought flashes light. The billows, clouds disperse.  
Then Cymothoë and Triton heave the ships  
From jagged rocks; the god prepares the slips,  
Adjusts the spray, and drives o'er ocean's face  
With chariot wheels that hardly leave a trace.

As when (which often haps) sedition springs  
Among a crowd, some savage menace stings :  
The stones and faggots fly, as anger arms ;  
If then they see the man whose virtue charms,  
A silence reigns, respect forbids the gage,  
His eloquence constrains, then soothes their rage.  
E'en thus the ocean quells its heaving shroud,  
And sunlight flashes through the pitchy cloud,  
As Neptune, looking o'er the watery waste,  
Directs the steeds, and gallops home in haste.  
The weary Trojans seek the nearest shore,  
And gain the Libyan coast, where billows roar  
Against an isle, that guards an inland bay  
Where wooing currents wend their winding way ;  
Where beetling cliffs, two twin-like rocks, oppose  
Their towering fronts, and ward the tempest's blows.  
A sylvan scene adorns the craggy height.  
A gloomy grove refracts a softened light  
On grotts, and cooling springs within a cave,  
Where nymphs resort to dabble in the wave,

And smile protection that the vessels ride  
Without the anchor's bite, the cable's guide.  
Enēius sails within the safe retreat  
With seven shattered ships of all the fleet.  
The Trojans disembark on longed-for land,  
And gladly stretch their drenched limbs on the strand.  
Achates strikes the flint and steel, the spark  
Ignites the leaves, the gathered sapless bark :  
The flame is quickly blown. Then tired hands  
Produce their injured grain and parching pans,  
And dry and grind the corn. The prince ascends,  
To scan the ocean for his missing friends.  
Caïcus, Capys, Anthus, Phrygian barques,  
All disappoint his gaze ; but he remarks  
Three stags, which stray the beach ; and numerous hinds  
Which follow, feeding where the valley winds.  
Enēius sees ; then snatches bow and dart  
From fond Achates' hand. The leaders smart,  
Their noble antlers droop ; the monarchs die ;  
But dying stand, and challenge lights the eye.

The hinds disperse through woods; a dart pursues,  
Till seven deer provide for seven crews.  
The hero then returns; divides the spoil,  
And measures out the wine (Acestes' toil  
Had stowed in casks upon Trinacria's beach,  
A parting gift): then cheers them with a speech.  
'My comrades, who have borne much greater ill,  
The fight, the siege, the blighted ties that kill:  
As Jove has healed the wounds which purify,  
So he will make our trials dignify.  
O ye who sailed by Scylla's furious race,  
Her roaring rocks, and saw the Cyclops' face,  
Dismiss your mournful fear. Some fireside  
May find you joying o'er the death defied.  
We steer to Latium through a sea of woe,  
Where fates have promised Troy shall tread the foe.  
Endure and reap rewards.' Thus spake the chief;  
Oppressed with heavy cares, he hides his grief,  
Dissembles manly hope. The crews prepare  
The feast; some skin, whilst others dress the fare,

Divide and spit the joints, attend the fires,  
The caldrons, and the pans. The food inspires  
Their courage, and the grass affords them rest  
While venison steaks and cups of wine digest.  
Their hunger banished, tables put aside,  
They mourn their friends ; now hopes, now fears decide  
Their safety or their death, their spirits sped  
Without the invocation for the dead.  
Enēius mourns in secret o'er the fate  
Of skilled Orontes and each valiant mate—  
Cloanthus and the hardly-treated Lycus,  
The fierce commanding Gyas and Amycus.  
And now the fleeting hour ushers eve ;  
The weary Trojans sleep, and cease to grieve :  
But Venus, much distressed, and bathed in tears,  
Addresses Jove as he surveys the spheres,  
Mankind, and chiefly Libya's zone : ' O thou  
Who rulest gods and men, whose lightnings cow  
Their coward hearts, what crime against thy throne  
Must my Enēius and his fleet atone,



That he is driven forth from every port  
On Italy's account, and made the sport  
Of every death? You surely promised me,  
That Teucer's line should bear a progeny—  
The Romans, who should govern all mankind.  
O mighty Father, what has changed thy mind?  
Your word consoled me for the fall of Troy,  
Which bitterness was soothed by promised joy.  
But still the fates afflict, with blow on blow:  
O God of gods! when ends our grievous woe?  
Antenor fled the Greeks; in safety sought  
Illyria's gulf, Liburnia's inner port;  
And passed the spring from whence Timavus roars  
Nine-mouthed to sea, and deluges its shores;  
And there he built Patavium, named a nation,  
And gave the Trojan arms perpetuation,  
And reaps the harvest from his seed. But we!  
You promise heaven's aid; your progeny,  
Our vessels wrecked (my curses on the deed!)  
Are banished Italy, that hate may speed.

Are these the honours piety should own?  
Is this the way you place us on the throne?  
The lofty smile (which clears the turbid sky)  
And mingled kisses herald Jove's reply.  
'My Cytheria, the Trojans' fates are thine:  
Dismiss your fear. Lavinium's walls shall shine,  
Enēius ring the heavens with renown.  
My purpose never falls—relax your frown  
While I reveal the fates. Your son shall war,  
And crush a mighty foe, establish law,  
And build on Latium's soil, where he shall reign  
When three years have subdued Ardea's plain:  
But young Ascanius, called Iūlus too  
(The name was his while Ilium's power grew)  
Shall reign for thirty years; transfer the throne  
To Alba's fort, which Hector's race shall own  
Three hundred years, till Rhea bear the twins  
Begot by Mars, renowned for tawny skins.  
Then Romulus shall rule, and consecrate  
His walls to Mars, and also name the state

The Roman, from himself. And these shall wield  
A sceptre time nor foes shall force to yield :  
And Juno's love shall spring, from sated hate,  
From Troy to Rome ; its gown the world's estate.  
You hear my will ; yet more, behold an age ;  
Descendants of Assaracus shall rage,  
In conquering hordes, o'er strong Mycene's height,  
O'er Phthia's plain, and break the Grecian might.  
And Cæsar shall be born, whose sovereign shores  
Shall hurl the sea to tremble as it roars ;  
Whose fame as Julius shall resound the skies,  
Reflecting glory where Iulus lies.  
And you shall bear him, glittering with his spoils,  
To heaven's court, and rest from all your toils,  
For this is granted too. Then wars shall cease,  
And fierce mankind shall learn the ways of peace.  
Then old established faith, with Vesta and  
The tawny twins, shall rule throughout the land :  
And Janus shall be shut ; where impious spite  
Shall gnash his bloody jaws with furious might,

Condemned to sit on arms, but not to touch :  
One hundred brazen chains confine his clutch.’  
Thus speaks the god, bids Mercury descend,  
And warn the Carthaginians to befriend  
The Trojan fleet, lest Dido close her ports,  
Not knowing heaven’s will. He flies ; exhorts  
Obedience to the god. They welcome Troy,  
The queen expects her guests with special joy.  
The wakeful prince determined to explore  
The coast at dawn ; enquire whose the shore,  
And what the race ; if man, or beast, defends  
The seeming waste ; and then inform his friends.  
But first he hides the fleet within a cove  
Where rocks embalm the tears of weeping grove ;  
And then departs. Achates bears his spears.  
But virgin-like in dress and tender years,  
Such as, Harpalyce, of Thrace, whose speed  
Outstrips the Hebrus’ torrent and the steed,  
Dissembling Venus meets him in the wood :  
Her hair, in hunting mode, escapes the hood ;

Her gathered robes, uncovered knees, and bow  
Proclaim a Spartan maid. She murmurs low,  
‘ O youths, inform me if you chanced to meet  
My sister, chasing to its last retreat  
The foaming boar, or wandering o’er the heath,  
Equipped with skin of lynx and arrow sheath ?’  
The mother spake. The son replies, ‘ O maid !  
I know not where your sister may have strayed ;  
But by what name does heaven visit earth ?  
For form and voice announce your godly birth !  
Are you Diana or a nymph ? Be who  
You may, be kind ! assist a beaten crew ;  
Inform us of the country and the coast  
We roam, estranged to shelter or a host :  
For we were driven on these lonely shores  
By headlong gales and swelling ocean’s roars.  
Our right hands’ grateful recompense shall tend  
Your altar’s fires, our sacrifice ascend.’  
Then Venus answers. ‘ You would honour me  
Above my merit, wishes, or degree !

The Tyrian virgins are allowed to wear  
The quiver and the boot, the calf left bare.  
You see the Carthaginian realm and race,  
Agenor's city ; but—the Libyans trace  
Our border line, and always threaten war.  
Our sovereign, Dido, fled from Tyre before  
Her brother's hate. Her bitter wrongs would tame  
The tongue of Time ; the feathered ears of Fame.  
But hear the leading points. Her love's desire  
Had won Sichæus, the wealthy priest of Tyre,  
To whom her father gave her virgin-bloom,  
And sacrificed to gods to bless her womb.  
But when Pygmalion reigned ; surpassed the world  
In savagery of crime ; and hatred hurled  
Its withering blast to dry up Nature's spring :  
The impious fiend, (whom avarice drove to wring  
His sister's heart), profaned the sacred fire,  
And as a coward slew the priestly Sire.  
Then lie on lie concealed the deed, deceived  
The love-sick queen with hope which ne'er conceived.

But as she slept, her murdered lord appeared—  
A ghastly sight—and showed the blood that smeared  
The holy fane, and bared his wounded breast;  
Revealed her brother's crime. At once he pressed  
Her flight; disclosed a hidden mass of gold.  
Thus warned, the queen prepared to flee; enrolled  
Her friends; on whom or hate or fear prevailed.  
They seized the ships, the tyrant's wealth, and sailed,  
Beneath a woman's guide. They landed where,  
You soon shall see, the Carthaginians rear  
Their lofty walls and towers; and bought the soil,  
The plough could circle round with measured toil:  
Which gave the name of Byrsa to the land.  
But I would know your name, and from what strand  
You come, and whither wend your way?' A sigh  
And mournful voice replies: 'If, goddess, I  
Narrate, and your sweet patience hear our sum  
Of woe; the wearied hours will sink; succumb  
To sleep, before the tedious tale. For we,  
Are Trojans driven o'er the stormy sea.

You may have heard of Troy? But I, Enēus,  
Renowned in heaven's height, and named the Pious,  
Would found a race from Jove on Latium's shore,  
To guard the gods I rescued from the war.  
My twenty vessels sailed the Phrygian main,  
In quest of settlements the Fates ordain.  
My goddess mother led the way; but now  
A shattered seven float: and I must bow  
To want; and wander Libya's coast unknown,  
Forbidden Europe and an Asian throne.'<sup>1</sup>  
But here the mother's heart dispels his grief.  
'Whoe'er you are! The gods must owe relief  
To one they guide towards our bounteous queen.  
Advance and seek the court. Your ships are seen;  
And gain the port before the shifted gale:  
Unless, indeed, my divination fail.  
Behold those swans! The eagle chased in vain.  
They safely choose or soar above the plain,

<sup>1</sup> Enēus was not allowed to found a dynasty in Asia.



As wheeling round they clap their rustling wings,  
A joyous twelve, whose melody still rings.  
Just so, your anchors hold or wait the cast :  
Proceed down yonder path.' She spake and past,  
A goddess by her essence and her gait,  
Her glittering neck, her hair, and robes of state.  
The hero knows his mother, and laments :  
' Why ever mock me thus ? or what prevents  
My filial loving clasp. Ah, must we part,  
Nor drink the whispers welling from the heart ? '  
He thus expostulates, and goes his way,  
While Venus screens them from the prying jay,  
With clouds and misty veil, that hand nor tongue  
Should harass nor demand from whence they sprung.  
And then she flies to Paphos, and enjoys  
Her hundred altars, and her scented toys.  
Meanwhile Enēius nears the town, ascends  
Its crowning height ; both wonders at, commends  
The lofty gates, the busy life, and streets  
Where huts had lately stood. And labour fleets

To build the walls, erect a fort, convey  
The stones, and trace the private plot ; survey  
The trench, the courts, the senate and its throne.  
Some dig the harbour, lay the deep-set stone,  
The theatre's support ; and others hew  
The columns from the rock for scenic view.  
Their toil resembles that of swarming bees  
In brilliant spring, amid the budding leas ;  
Or as they store the honey for their need,  
Receive the worker's load, or massed proceed  
To chase away the drones : the labour wings,  
While scented thyme exudes the fragrant rings.  
The heart of great Enēius beats with thought.  
' O happy men ! with city, wall, and fort,  
While I must vainly prize a barren site.'  
Then strange to say ! impervious to the light  
He joins the crowd, a substance but unseen.  
Amid the town a grove enclosed a green  
From whence the tempest-driven Tyrians dug  
The horse's head that Juno bid them hug,

As sign of victory or death : and there  
Her stately temple stood, enriched with rare  
And precious gifts, and statue of the god :  
And steps upheld the threshold, which was shod  
With brass, as were the beams ; and brazen gates  
Announced a brazen hinge. But here awaits  
A view, to chase anxiety aside,  
At last Enēius grasps the turning tide.  
For he, (delayed by Majesty,) surveys  
The templed sights, the city's wealth ; and weighs  
Artistic skill and toil, as battles ring  
The fame of martial Troy ; the Trojan king,  
The Grecian brothers and the common sting.<sup>1</sup>  
The trembling tear escapes the staring eye,  
The quavering question suffers no reply !  
Achates, say, what corner of the earth  
But mourns the brilliant Troy, the Priam's worth ?

<sup>1</sup> Achilles was the common sting—a thorn to the Trojans when he fought, and to the Greeks when he sulked.

Behold the hero's crown, compassion's tear,  
Affliction's kindred bond are wedded here !  
Resume your courage : fame shall be our shield !'  
He spake, and fancy roamed the painter's field,  
Till anguish bathed the memory of the dead.  
Here Grecians, flee ; the Trojan sword is red ;  
There plumed Achilles presses Trojan tread.  
Adjoining canvas glistens with the veils,  
Where Rhêsus dies as Diomed assails  
And drives the snowy horses, e'er they drink  
The stream of Xanthus, crop its grassy brink.  
Another wall portrays the armless flight  
Of young Troïlus, whom Achilles' might  
Had overmatched—the grip of death would guide  
The maddened steeds ; the pitying dust would hide  
The trailing hair ; the spear would guard the  
dead.  
Meanwhile the Trojan matron's suppliant tread  
Support Minerva's robe—dishevelled hair ;  
Nor beaten breasts ; divert her vacant stare :

Achilles barter Hector's form for gold,  
Whom thrice he trailed around the Trojan hold.  
Enēius shakes with anguish at the arms,  
The chariot, death, and Priam's suing palms.  
He views himself defying Grecian chiefs,  
Knows Eastern aids, and Memnon's black reliefs;  
And furious Penthesilea, as she leads  
Her crescent-shielded Amazons, and speeds  
To challenge men. A belt of burnished gold  
Encircles breasts, adorned with nature's mold.  
Diana queens the dance on Cynthia's height,  
Eurota's plain, where mountain nymphs delight.  
Her ear receives the pendant arrow's sigh.  
The raptured bosom revels in reply.  
She moves, and goddesses may wish in vain  
To equal charms but fettered to enchain.  
Alike Diana, Dido, and her youths  
Recall the stunned Enēius from the views.  
She cheers the labour, then ascends the throne.  
Her guards protect the sanctuary of stone.

She hears the cause, dispenses law, provides  
A fitting toil, or such as lot decides.  
When lo ! the missing crews, the blackened blast,  
Had blown to other bays. Amazement past,  
The hidden pair, perplexed by joy and fear,  
Would grasp the hand, but vapours interfere.  
Enwrapped in mist, they hear of friends and fleet,  
The object of the chosen to entreat.  
Permission granted, these approach the court.  
Hioneus then dignifies the thought.  
'O Queen, beloved of Jove, whose honours grace  
Thy temples, turrets, groves ; thy witching face.  
Whose heavenly justice crowns thy loving brow,  
Contents and curbs ; compels the haughty bow.  
We Trojans seek thy aid. The billowed shore  
Re-echoes our distress ; despatch the law  
To guard our ships from fire ; let mercy spare  
A pious race, extend thy regal care.  
We neither threaten, rob nor hide the thought,  
But vanquished bow as bitterness has taught.

There is a land of heroes and of flowers  
In Greek Hesperia, but Enotrian powers,  
Whose children call it Italy, to grace  
A leader's name, and thither was our chase.  
But suddenly the tempest-cloud arose,  
And caught the fleet where hidden shoals oppose.  
The bursting southern gales and leaping sea  
Destroyed on rocks, engulfed the hollow tree :  
We few escaped.

What dragon-race is here ?

What Colchian soil ? they cut the anchor's gear,  
And gleaming weapons wait upon the tide,  
To pierce the foot that leaves the vessel's side.  
If pitiless and fearless of your kind,  
Revere the gods whose judgments loose and bind.  
Enēius was our king ; earth never bore  
A son more pious, able, bold in war ;  
If Fate preserves him from the chilling shades,  
We fear not, nor will kindness rue its grades :  
For Trojan fires smelt Sicilian steel :  
Renowned Acestes sprang from Trojan weal.

Permit us then to beach our shattered ships,  
To fish the oar with chosen sapling slips,  
That if the fleet advance ; Enēius leads,  
The rowers' joy may struggle who succeeds.  
But if our guide, the noble Sire of Troy,  
Is drowned, together with the Royal boy,  
At least, our prows may seek Sicilian straits,  
The ready welcome where Acestes waits.'  
The chief was silent, and respect's applause  
But warmed the dying cadence of the cause.  
Then Dido answers. ' Trojans, banish fear.  
Your cares shall rest with me. The nations near,  
My kingdom's youth, compel a savage host,  
A chain of guards inland along the coast.  
Who lives and knows not the Enēian race ?  
What ears have never rung with Troy's disgrace,  
Its brave defence, its roll of mighty names,  
The dying struggle, agonies, and flames ?  
Our hearts do not deserve such bitter scorn,  
But glacial, melt, when Phœbus gilds the morn ;



And if Hesperian and Saturnian realm,  
Or Eryx and Acestes guide your helm,  
My help and wealth shall guard you on the way.  
But should you choose to bear my gentle sway,  
I build for you ; but haul your ships ashore :  
Be Trojan, and be Tyrian evermore.  
O would your king were also storm-compelled !  
Enēius present !—wardens, unexcelled,  
Shall search the coast, and Libya's hidden nooks.  
His feet may dye the streets, or woodland brooks.'  
The twain, encouraged ; longed to burst the cloud.  
Achates thus : ' O Goddess-born, hast vowed ?  
You see your world ; the fleet and missing crews,  
One sank, we saw : behold your mother's ruths.'  
The mother heard, and split the ambient wreaths.  
Enēius shines the god ; for Venus breathes  
Celestial rays ; the witching bloom of youth,  
The brilliant scorn that flashes with the truth.  
As pants the ivory artist for the fire  
The gilder or Mosaic would inspire.

Enēius to the queen, the wondering braves  
Behold the man Enēius from the waves !  
' O thou, whose tears alone bedewed the slain  
Of murdered Troy ; its fled, their travelled pain.  
Whose walls would guard, whose homes protect the few  
That fled the Greeks, that suffered want, and sue.  
Nor we, nor all the Trojans on the earth,  
Can render thanks deserving of thy worth.  
The gods shall pay the recompense we owe,  
If gods regard the good, if justice flow  
From any fount ; if any mind exist  
Where honour knows of what it must consist.  
What joyful age, what noble parents thine !  
Your honour, name, majestic fame shall twine  
Around my heart, wherever it shall be,  
Shall glad the rivers as they run to sea ;  
And every cloud that shades the mountain-sides  
Shall tell the sun, and every star besides.'  
He spake, and clasps the chief, Serestus, and  
Cloanthus, Gyas, each heroic hand.

Sidonian Dido, awe-struck at the sight,  
His signal sufferings, thus addressed the knight.  
' O goddess-born, what vengeful furies scourge ?  
What power would sink thy fleet beneath the surge ?  
Art he, Enēius, lovely Venus bore  
To Prince Anchises by Simois' roar ?  
My mind recalls the exiled Teucer's quest  
To found a throne, would Belus aid his guest.  
My father, Belus, then acquired the soil  
Of wealthy Cyprus ; conquered, reaped the spoil.  
The blaze of Troy, your name, the Grecian kings,  
Have rang my ears, compelled the tearful springs.  
The very foe extolled the Trojan name,  
And claimed his kingly blood from Trojan dame.  
So welcome all ! O youths, my palace waits !  
Distress as yours has doomed me to its gates.  
Misfortunes deeply graved upon my heart  
Have dug the well whence sympathy must start.'  
She spake, and leads Enēius to her court,  
Considers altars' fires, his friends in port :

And sends them twenty bulls, one hundred boars,  
As many lambs and ewes, with drinking stores.  
The inner palace glitters with design.  
The ready banquet offers meat and wine.  
The regal purple, wove with matchless skill,  
Adorns the vesture ; suffers whisper's thrill.  
The massive silver shines upon the board :  
The battle's glare, the chase, the maid adored,  
Embossed in gold, declare ancestral fame,  
An ancient race, its heroes, founder's claim !  
But glitter cannot fill a father's heart.  
Enēius sends Achates to impart  
The joyful tidings, haste to bring the boy :  
The father's heart would share his youthful joy.  
He also orders gifts—a mantle chased  
With gold ; a robe with brankursine, that graced  
The form of Grecian Helen when she fled  
From Greece to Troy, from marriage to a bed.  
He adds the sceptre Iliōne swayed,  
The necklace set with pearls, the crown inlaid

With double rows of gold and precious stones.  
Achates hears ; obeys ; but Venus owns  
New plots ; designs ; that Cupid represent  
The youth, his gifts ; instil love's last intent :  
For Venus dreads the lying race of Tyre ;  
Her days and nights are racked by Juno's ire.  
She flies to winged Love ; implores, ' O son,  
My strength, my mighty power, O thou, the one  
Who scorns the thunder's crash, the flashing fire,  
Behold a suppliant ; succour and inspire.  
My grief was thine when Juno's hatred hurled  
Enēius where the tempests roar the world.  
Phœnician Dido entertains the prince,  
Adores and flatters. I have shuddered since  
Saturnia guards the guest. Her hate is keen !  
I would that subtle love inflame the queen  
Beyond the help of Heaven ; madden so  
That she, as I, may cherish, ward the blow.  
Attend, then act. The boy (my special thought)  
Would bear the Trojan relics to the court,

But Cythera or Idalia bids him dream,  
Lest he perceive, appear, and mar the scheme.  
Be thou his image, only till the morn.  
Thyself a boy, be boyish pouts and scorn.  
Instil the hidden fire, when Dido's breast  
Embrace thy boyish form before her guest:  
When Dido's hugs proclaim the rising glow,  
Kiss follows kiss; then make the poison flow.  
Love joys, and wingless, trips Iulus, whom  
The goddess charms in slumber as a tomb,  
Her bosom for the stone: Idalia's glade  
In mourning with amaracus and shade.  
Love bore the gifts. Achates charmed. The queen—  
Receives, enthroned beneath a golden screen.  
Enēius and the Trojan guests surround  
Her golden couch, for purple beds abound.  
Domestics hand the water, towel, cake,  
For fifty women order, cook, and bake,  
Attend the godly fires; a hundred more  
As many youths set tables, hand, or pour.

Invited Tyrians crowd the seats ; admire,  
The gifts ; Iūlus, glowing godly fire,  
His honeyed words ; the cloak, and figured dress.  
Unhappy Dido, fired by love's excess,  
Admires, kisses ; gazes still, and burns.  
The gifts, the boy ; are ravishing by turns.

. . . . .

He clasps Enēius ; gratifies his sire,  
Then joins the queen, who sparkles with desire.  
She hugs, adores ; and hugs again the snare,  
Nor knows the god who bids the world despair.  
The tutored god insensibly beguiles  
Her memory from Sichæus, reconciles  
A future husband with her widowed vows,  
The chastity that honours ; disallows.

. . . . .

Successive dishes crown successive boards ;  
Wines, massive cups ; the guest, the roof applauds.  
The golden panels hear ; their fires dance.  
The torches ravish darkness with a glance.

'What ho ! my father's bowl !<sup>1</sup> O sparkling wine,  
Console the massive brim ! O brilliants pine  
For absent Belus ! His ancestral race ;  
Command the silence ; reverence my grace.  
O Jove, who made the stranger for the host,  
Ordain successes overflow the toast  
When Tyre drinks to Troy : let every year  
Recall the day, commemorate, revere.  
O Bacchus, pour ; and Juno, bless the wine !  
Courageous Tyrians, make the welcome shine !'  
She spake, and pours an offering on the board,  
Salutes the cup, bids Bitias accord.  
He drinks ; the Princes next ; Iopas tunes  
His lyre as Atlas taught, and sings the moons,  
The sun, whence water, fire, the man and beast,  
Arcturus, Hyades, the bears ; nor ceased  
Till winter suns explained their rapid flights,  
The summer days their length. The palace heights

<sup>1</sup> Dido calls for the bowl of Belus.



Reverberate, re-echo, ring again,  
As Tyrians praise, and Trojans swell the strain.  
But poisoned Dido burns throughout the night,  
Discusses Priam, Hector, Memnon's might,  
Why Diomedian steeds excelled, and how  
Achilles fought, and vowed and broke his vow.<sup>1</sup>  
She hears, demands, 'O guest, relate from first  
The Grecian snares; how you and yours were cursed:  
For now the seventh summer wanes on Thee,  
A weary wanderer o'er the land and sea.'

<sup>1</sup> Achilles vowed he would not fight for Agamemnon; but broke his vow on the death of Patroclus.

*BOOK II.*

INTENTLY listening, silently all gaze ;  
Enēius, on his daïs, thus obeys :  
‘ O queen, you bid me speak of wringing woes—  
Troy’s fall, the agonies I saw, and those  
My followers endured. What soldier bred,  
Thessalian, Scyrian, by Ulysses led,  
Will e’er restrain his tears as he relates  
Such wrongs as stamp their tale in bloody dates ?  
And now the humid night is fleeting fast,  
The setting stars bid sleep to soothe the past :  
But since your pitying tears would quench the flame  
That scorches every woe, the Trojan shame :  
I speak, although the fearful scenes appal ;  
The memory quivers, staggers at the call.

The Grecian leaders, weakened by the war,  
Repulsed by fates, recurring seasons bore,  
Construct a wooden horse, in height a hill ;  
Fir hides the ribs, for Pallas guides the skill.  
They build in hopes their voyage may safely speed,  
Conceive the lie, and spread it to succeed.  
The lots decide ; the band ascends by night,  
A hero fills each crevice in the height.  
The isle Leucophrys faces mighty Troy,  
Renowned for wealth, when Priam bought the toy,  
But now, for wretched anchorage in gales.  
The Grecians sought it, hid. We thought their sails  
Were racing home, so herald Troy's release.  
The gates are opened ; joyous crowds increase  
To view the camp, deserted plain, and shore  
Where Dolop pitched, Achilles sulked ; the roar—  
Of battle rang the fleet : astonished sight  
Detects the curse ; its bulk completes the fright.  
Thymœtes bribed ; or fate compelling thought,  
Would drag it through the city to the fort.

But Capys votes, and all the sane agree  
To drown the pest, the doubtful gift, at sea,  
Or burn, or hack, its nature to enquire.  
They hesitate, and wave with weak desire.  
Lacöon runs. The city pours behind.  
His passion roars : “ Misguided, mad, and blind,  
Perceive ye not the foe ; their gifts and guile ?  
And is it thus you judge Ulysses’ wile ?  
The Greeks are here, or this machine was built .  
To spy our homes, sack Troy, or hide some guilt.  
O Trojans, dread the horse ; be what it may,  
I fear the Greeks, and presents they convey.”  
He spake, and fiercely hurled his heavy spear  
And struck the monster’s side, where like a sphere  
It bellied to the build. The javelin rang  
A warning note, and quivered at the twang :  
And but for fate, or that our minds were weak,  
His word prevailed ; our steel exposed the Greek.  
Thou, Troy, had fought, awoke to fight again  
When Priam’s tower cried, “ Behold the main ! ”

But shepherds wake the dead ;<sup>1</sup> and lead to court  
One bound behind, who, though unknown, had sought  
Their track ; betrayal in his eye, his tongue—  
A lie to level Troy : as bold as young,  
Intent to do or die. Our vigour vied  
To see, approach—insult the hapless tied.  
Now mark the Grecian treachery, and learn  
From this one crime, the sentence which they earn !  
For as he stood, perplexed, unarmed, and saw  
The crowd, the lowering eye, the cruel jaw,  
He cries, “ Alas ! what country owns me now ?  
What grief remains to line my wretched brow ?  
I have no home in Greece, by isle or flood.  
The Trojan thirsts for vengeance in my blood.”  
His mournful accents warm our pitying hearts.  
Our fierce resentment rapidly departs.  
We bid him state his race, his cause, and why  
Belief should own, the tied may scorn to lie.

<sup>1</sup> The shepherds were crossing a ten years' graveyard, and were making great noise.

The tied replies, as courage tramples fear :  
“ O King ! or life or death, but deign to hear ;  
My lips shall utter truth ; nor dread to own  
My Grecian mother’s breast : but be it known .  
That bitter fortune, treading Sinon, fails  
To stamp him liar, inmate fit for jails.  
Hast heard of one renowned, from Belus born,  
Of Palamedes, whom the Grecians mourn,  
But stoned for treason, falsely sworn, because  
He said the war offended human laws ?  
My father’s wants entrusted me to him,  
As comrade, when my years gave strength of limb  
To serve—for we were kin—while he remained  
Within the state, re-urged, advised, restrained ;  
We reaped some honoured fame. When dead, through  
hate  
Of fell Ulysses (this is true I state !)  
Distressed, I lived in poverty and grief,  
And cursed the tongue that lied against my chief.

But mad revenge would gnash and grind my teeth,  
Would thunder, 'Vengeance! Fate, but draw the sheath,<sup>1</sup>  
Restore me Greece; respect a hero's word.'  
Threats won his hate, my woe. Ulysses stirred  
Repeated charges, terrified, and spread  
The blasting hint; the coward wished me dead.  
Persistence and the priest—— But why should I  
Relate in vain; in vain delay to die?  
For if your vengeance follow every Greek,  
That I am one compels the steel to reek,  
Behead, or stab: Ulysses wills the blow;  
The brother kings will pay as for a foe."  
We hear, demand the rest, the hidden wife,  
Unskilled in wondrous crime and Grecian guile.  
He trembles, lies: "Troy sacked, the foe would sail;  
War-worn, they launch repeatedly, but fail.  
Oh, had they not! but winter gales forbade.  
The southern storms unnerved the crews when weighed;

<sup>1</sup> He held the sword of revenge, but Fate alone could draw the scabbard off.

But chiefly when they built the wooden horse  
United tempests hurled them from the course.  
Perplexed, they send Eurypalus, to ask  
Apollo's aid : he flees ; reports his task.  
' O Greeks, ye lulled the gales with virgins' blood  
When first you disembarked from Trojan flood :  
Another Greek must die.' They hear, and thaw,  
Are stunned ; the sweat—congeals on every pore.  
The thought, ' Am I the one the fates ordain,  
Apollo dooms ? ' is frozen on the brain.  
Ulysses drags the seer before the host,  
Pretends alarm, demands the future ghost.  
My friends surround, forewarn, detect the ruse ;  
But Calchas hides, is mute, to doom, accuse.  
The tenth day passed,—he speaks but as agreed ;  
Ulysses clamours, ' Sinon is to bleed ! '  
The crowd assent, rejoice to flee the threat,  
The thread, the steel, the agony, and sweat.  
The awful day arrived, its rites, the cakes  
And fillets for my brow. I fled the flakes ;



I burst my chains, and hoped the fleet would  
sail,

The fen, the reeds ; my world, a home and jail.

No patriot's pride ; no father's love, no son's,

May close my dying eyes ; but vengeance stuns !

I flee—they writhe ; their flesh is mine—the foe

May rend the limb, but I must feel the blow.

Oh, I implore, by gods above, by those

Who value truth, by any faith that grows,

Compassionate such wrongs ; in pity spare—

A soul so rent with agonized despair.”

Our hearts respond. His tears regain his life.

The king commands, the bonds receive the knife.

The judge becomes the friend. “ Be lip or tooth !

Forget the Greeks, be ours, and speak the truth.

What means the horse ? who built, who vowed, or  
fights ? ”

The lying tooth instructs the tongue, nor bites :

But Sinon's palms entreat as Sinon prays.

“ Eternal stars, inviolable rays,

---

Ye altars, reeking swords, from which I fled,  
Ye deadly flakes that decked my vanquished lead,  
To all of ye I solemnly appeal!  
Annul my Grecian oaths, that hate may reel,  
In frenzy rend the secret from the seal,  
My country from my name: but, Troy, be just!  
Preserved protect; if truth repay the trust!  
Minerva's aid was Grecian faith in time:  
But Diomed, Ulysses, prince of crime,  
Attacked her guards, her image, and profaned  
Her flakes with blood. Hope sank and waned;  
Their power fell. Athena showed her ire.  
Her statue scarcely camped; her eyes were fire,  
And salt sweat bathed her limbs: but stranger  
still,  
The goddess sprang, till thrice she threat to kill.  
The priest commands us sail; for Troy will reign  
Till Greece renew the omens, o'er the main  
The goddess guide the fleet. Beware! surprise—  
But gathers force to fight as gods devise.

The omen read, the horse replaced the god,  
Atoned the wrong, as heaven held the rod.  
But Calchas bade them build too huge and high  
For gates or walls, lest Trojans deify.

. . . . .

Destroy the horse, Troy falls ! But heaven blast  
The prophet ; coil—the murderer with his cast !  
Let gates and ramparts bow ; the god ascend ;  
The East assaults the West, your troubles end.”  
Convinced by hellish artifice and lies,  
We yield to acted tears, pretended sighs,  
Whom neither ten years’ war, a hostile sea,  
Achilles, Diomed could force to flee.

. . . . .

Behold Lacöon slays the sacred ox.  
Two snakes (at which e’en now my courage rocks)  
Untwist their giant folds across the deep.  
Their breasts and bloody hoods erect, they creep

And roll their spiral backs. Their hisses rise  
Above the dashing wave. Their flashing eyes,  
Their murderous beams; vibrating, gloating tongues,  
Directly seek the priest, assault his sons.  
Lacöon to the fight! The sacred knife  
Descends to save the child, but vain the strife!  
The bite, the crushing coil; the serpents' gloat;  
Again the coil, the crush, the strangled throat;  
Again the gloat surveys,<sup>1</sup> Lacöon strains.  
His fillets stream with blood from bursting veins.  
He yells in agony, as bullocks roar  
Escaped the knife that missed the vital core.  
We stare, nor blink, intensify the gaze.  
Increasing horrors hug, each horror weighs.  
Fear creeps the bone and climbs the fleeing hair,  
A crawling agony; a death's despair!  
An icy, parching, flight-compelling sweat  
Benumbed the brain; left heroes but regret.

<sup>1</sup> The heads of the snakes overtopped Lacöon, and gloated in his agonies.

We flee. They seek Minerva's feet and shield,

Renewing panic reaps a coward's yield.

We judge the priest had rightly met his doom

Who hurled his spear against the wooden womb.

One shout commands ; the echo hauls the horse,

Beseeches Pallas' smile upon its course.

We breach our walls and homes. All work, some ply

The rollers, others ropes. It mounts on high,

A womb of death. The boys and virgins shout

Their sacred songs, and join the hauling rout.

The horse advances, gains the city's fort,

A huge awe-'spiring mass of murder's thought.

My country ! Troy ! O home of gods ! thou wall

Whose stedfast brow consoled the dying fall,

To whom the patriot turned each tortured eye,

Addressed his prayer : " I sink, but thou defy ! "

The monster trod, but fear prolonged the tread,

Each foot a pause, a tremble for the dead.

Each start a groan—as if the murdering steel

Would own remorse ; repent, and rather kneel.

But we press on, nor give the sound a thought.  
Our madness plants the foe within the fort.  
Cassandra sees; foretells, as gods inspire;  
But custom sneers, derides the frantic crier.  
We deck the shrines with laurel boughs, nor know  
Each branch a grave, each leaf a hidden foe.  
The twilight ushers night, the shades increase,  
Conceal the world, the treachery of Greece.  
We sleep. The foe returns. The wooden horse  
(Unbarred by Sinon,) yields a murderous force.  
Thersander, Sthenelus, Ulysses seize  
The rope as Athamas, Thoas, next these  
The chief Machäon, Pyrrhus, Meneläus,  
Epēus, who built on purpose to betray us.  
They storm the town when wine and sleep oppress.  
The sentries fall. The gates admit success.  
Exulting Greeks unite. Time's grateful hour  
Was soothing care with first sleep's heavenly power:  
And Hector sought my dreams—a sea of tears  
Disgraced and dragged, the gory dust besmears,

The swollen feet are bound. Alas, what woe !  
How changed from him who laid Patroclus low,  
Or fired Grecian ships : whose beard and hair  
Were bloody with the many wounds he bare.  
Responsive pity sheds responsive tears.  
Tongue weeps the very accent that revere.  
O thou, who warmed the brilliant beams of Jove,  
Who cheered the heart, who steeled the blood that strove :  
What other fainting children claimed thy fire,  
Detained thy conquering arm, our wept desire ?  
What rush of courage wakes our weary souls  
At sight of thee, when death itself patrols !  
But why these gory locks, and whither fled  
Thy stedfast eye, thy firm assuring tread ?  
What mean these starts, these wounds ? O haste, or they  
Will speak, the lips—are itching for their say !  
No answer heeds. Groans rend each gaping gash.  
Speech splits the thought, as thunder jags the flash.  
“ O goddess-born, escape the flames, the foe !  
Troy falls a mighty mass ! The patriot’s blow

Is struck. Could mortal arms have held the wall?  
My own had grown to stone. Troy leaves thee all.  
Collect and guard her rites and gods, and build  
Across the tiring sea, where fates have willed.”  
He spake, and brought the everlasting fire,  
Great Vesta’s image, and her priest’s attire.  
Meanwhile destruction’s wave flows flowing woes;  
Increasing roars; the ringing steel of foes:  
Which wake my father’s house (although it stood  
Remote from noise, surrounded by a wood).  
I mount the palace, listen, strain the sight,  
As shepherds haste to climb the rocky height,  
Who hear amazed, but see not whence is borne  
The driven crackle of the burning corn;  
The mountain torrent hurling fallen oak  
O’er fields, rich crops, the labour of the yoke.  
Alas, my dream! I see the Grecian snare.  
Here burns Deiphobus’ house, and there  
Ucalagon’s—Sigeum reflects the glare.



The dying shriek, the glutting cheer, the clang  
Of trumpets gird my arms—but brain a fang  
Of madness burns to clench the throaty bite;  
To lead for vengeance, death, a fierce delight.  
But lo! there Panthus, Othry's son, the priest  
Of Pallas and Apollo, flees in haste  
To gain the shore, escape the Greeks, and save  
His grandson and his gods. I scarce can rave,  
“How stands the state? Where lies the sallyport?”  
His coward groaning oozes this report.  
“Our fate is spun. Time-worn, the thread is broke.  
The wheel must crush. Troy splinters in the spoke.  
Fierce Jove gives Grecians all. They spread the flames.  
The horse supplies the foe: and Sinon shames  
A world of manly thought; all honour, trust—  
The liar shines: nobility may rust.  
The perjured wins, insults, and hurls the brands.  
The Grecians rush the gates, more thousand bands  
Than e'er Mycene bore. Some guard the lanes,  
While bristling pointed spears enclose the mains.

Our boldest warders scarcely guard the gate,  
Astonished die ; the sword but cracks a pate.”  
Aroused by heaven and hell, I seek the fire,  
And fight where fury, din, and shrieks require.  
Both Riphus’ aged Iphitus’ brigade ;  
The moon brings Hypanis, Dymas to aid,  
And young Coræbus, Migdon’s son, who chanced  
As Priam’s son-in-law, to help, entranced  
By love : ill-fated youth, who ne’er would heed  
His spouse Cassandra’s heaven-inspired creed.

. . . . .

The band resolved, I lash their frenzied heat.  
“O youths, whose every pulse a patriot’s beat ;  
Whose blood would burst the coward’s feeble heart ;  
Would drown the foe ; would jet a dart for dart,  
And spurn its rotting flesh ; would die perforce :  
If such your aim, behold our last resource !  
Our gods have fled. Our homes are dying flame.  
Let cinders brand our names with lasting fame !

Our safety bids us breathe, but scorn the breath.”  
Thus courage gains despair. We march to death,  
Through central lanes ; through foes and bristling steel,  
Like famished wolves, who blind to danger, feel  
The famine’s gnawing clutch, and prowl the dark  
For dens of thirsty jaws, the belly’s bark.

. . . . .

Clouds wrapt the night, or blood had dyed the earth ;  
How name the dead, or weep the heroes’ worth ?  
Time’s Mistress-city falls. Her loving dead  
But die to bear the shock. The foot must tread  
A bleeding stone, in houses, streets, or fanes.  
Troy sweats her blood, but every drop contains  
A foeman’s writhing soul—Greece conquers, but,  
When hearts are stunned, our courage fights with gut.  
Greeks gain, but dye the inch. The mangled life ;  
The women’s shrieks, re-edge the searching knife.  
Death plunges home ; nor satisfied to kill,  
Seeks every form, and tortures every thrill.

Androgeos meets us first, accounts our way  
A friendly path ; and queries, “ Why delay ?  
Greeks tear and rob. Are you but come so late ? ”  
He spake, perceives the foe,—we hiss our hate !  
His terror sounds retreat, as one who toils  
Through bramble-thorn, and treads but flees the coils  
Collecting hissing rage, and swelling poisoned crest.  
Androgeos, terrified, would flee the quest.  
We charge, surround with serried ranks, and slay  
The panic-struck and ignorant of the way.  
Thus fortune smiles. Coræbus, cheered, exclaims,  
“ Fate leads, pursue ; adopt their shields and names.  
Who cares if craft or courage force to yield ?  
Themselves provide us arms.” He dons the shield  
Androgeos wore, his handsome badge and sword.  
Both Riphus and Dymas, the rest accord :  
Each arms him from the spoils. We join the foe :  
Desert Minerva. Neptune shields the blow.  
We murder night. Each second is a death,  
A hidden thrust, more bitter from its breath,

Its friendly hand. What agony to die !  
Have victory filched, to writhe, and eye  
The blundering sword, nor hear regret, but choke  
Beneath the heel that gloats the secret stroke ;  
The snapping rib ; that feels the quivering tongue,  
Enjoys and grinds each agony as wrung !  
O sweet revenge ! we sipped it to the fill—  
Then sent the dead to live in hell and grill.  
They fly to ships, the trusty shore, the horse.  
Their currish terror clutches all resource.  
Alas for courage ! even more, the mind  
That never herded fear, that never blind,  
By gutty want, by pampered liver's itch,  
By avarice, or pride, or power's pitch :  
Whose crystal clearness darts the hearted-rays  
That pierce deception's skulking coward ways :  
Approaches godhead even on the earth ;  
Is God in all, save heaven wants its birth.  
Alas for even such ! When gods oppose  
They fight, but stagger, sink beneath the blows.

We see Cassandra dragged ; each straining hair,  
The bursting eye, intensity's despair ;  
The cutting cord, the tender bleeding wrist ;  
The mocking sneer, the ruthless trailing fist.  
Coræbus maddens, plunges on the foe,  
Despises death, to split him to the toe.  
We follow, charge abreast. The friendly spear  
Assaults our badge, the enemy our rear.  
(How piteously we fell !) The Grecians yell,  
Surround, assault, (we saved the maid from hell !)  
Ferocious Ajax, Dolop, Arteus' sons,  
As lulls the gale, then bellows back in tuns,  
When veering winds contend ; the south and west  
With south and east, outfleeing Phœbus' crest.  
Tree moans to tree. Nerëus pitchforks the foam,  
Heaves wave at wave, and stirs his silent home.  
Now those appear who fled the secret thrust.  
Whose every nerve had quivered with distrust.  
Whose every gut had twisted from the steel.  
Whose terror'd skin had crept the fearful peel.

Who raced the city through, in vain would hide.  
Whose anguish such, had night prevailed they  
died.

The trembling cowards penetrate our guise.  
Their ears confirm : our speech betrays the lies.  
They rush. Coræbus falls the first  
To Peneleüs : his bursting bowels cursed  
Minerva's empty shrine. Then Ripheus dies,  
A rock of truth ; as just, intrepid, wise :  
Who never broke his word ; though it would seem  
Gods hold such virtue in but light esteem.  
The friendly darts leave Hypanis a name,  
Transfix Dymas ; nor Panthus could your claim  
To worth, Apollo's care prolong your breath !  
Remains of Troy,—ye fires that charred the death !  
Oh, let your dying moments witness I  
Shunned neither darts, nor foes, nor gods on  
high,  
Though each a burning tomb ! I laughed at fate,  
Defied its power o'er love or maddened hate.

Borne back, we turn, old Iphetus, time-weighed,  
And Pelias, wounded by Ulysses' blade,  
Direct to Priam's palace clamour-bade.  
But here the foe meets foe ; steel rings on steel ;  
The javelins fly ; the stones assist to reel,  
As if war shuffled not, for death to deal.  
We see a concentrated fight, as if  
All Greece would gain the height, add cliff to cliff.  
They press the gate in phalanx buckled stiff.  
The ladders bite the walls, nor fear to slip  
On jagged steps, from polished pillars' grip.  
Hands grasp the height ; shields ward ; while Troy  
    defends  
With turrets' roofs ; despairs but still contends,  
Nor saves the royal beams. The gates below  
Are thronged by veteran guards, who wait the foe.  
Our rising courage bids us aid the height ;  
Support our friends, and cheer each sinking knight.  
A secret passage ran from postern gate  
Through Priam's palaces, by which, when state



Was laid aside, Andromache and boy  
Would join the royal pair, when Troy was Troy.  
I mount the steps to battlements, from whence  
Despairing Trojans hurled a vain defence.  
A lofty tower stood upon the height,  
A watch to view all Troy, the Grecian might :  
Attacking this where jointed stories show  
The weakest point, we heave upon the crow,  
Unseat the mass, and hurl it on the foe.  
The sudden crashing ruin kills a host,  
But living spirit soon succeeds to ghost.  
Meanwhile, stone sings to stone ; dart hums to dart ;  
And javelins, spears, and swords make death an  
art.

Exulting Pyrrhus threats the porch and gate  
In glistening arms and gleaming brazen plate :  
As shines the snake, the herbs re-poison, when,  
The cold of winter past, it leaves its den  
To coil a glistening skin beneath its crest,  
And dart a triple tongue with youthful zest.

And these press on, throw torches in a mass :  
The Scyrian youth ; and bulky Periphas ;  
Automedon, who curbed Achilles' steeds,  
But now bears Pyrrhus' arms as Pyrrhus leads,  
And wields the axe to batter stubborn gates ;  
Tear brazen post from hinge, and nought abates  
Till having cut the beams with hollowing stroke,  
He digs a gaping breach through hardened oak.  
The lengthy galleries, halls, and hallowed rooms  
Of Priam, kings on kings, are viewed by grooms,  
As are the guards, who nobly wait their dooms.  
The inner palace rings with shrieks and cries.  
The vaulted roofs resound to glittering skies :  
As trembling matrons roam the mighty space,  
Forgive and kiss in doorways and embrace.  
As Pyrrhus fights, re-shines Achilles' force,  
Nor bars nor guards themselves can check his course !  
The battered gate gives way. The door-posts fall  
When wrenched from off the hinge—force gains the  
hall.

Greeks burst a way and butcher all they meet.  
They swarm in hordes, and crowd each hid retreat.  
The foaming rivers never rush such force  
When seething torrents, having sapped the source  
Through rotten banks, uproot the swindler's piles,<sup>1</sup>  
And burst the mighty dam, to change the smiles  
To hearing's startled gaze,—to deluge death,  
Unearth the ghastly skull, and whirl the breath  
To struggle with the dead—all life is choked,  
The gentle lamb, the shepherd, and the yoked.  
I see, as maddened Pyrrhus hacks the slain,  
A dust of mangled flesh and spattered brain :  
The kings within the gate. Tears flee the lid.  
As Hecuba and hundred daughters hid  
At Priam's altar, where his spirit slept,  
His blood defiling fires himself had kept.

<sup>1</sup> The expression 'swindler' is taken from an account I read of a Swiss inundation. The whole damage was caused by a swindler having contracted to sink the piles to a certain depth, but failed to do so, and was consequently, in my humble opinion, a murderer.

Then fall the fifty beds, each bed an heir,  
 A world of love, a banishment of care :  
 A triple life as fiery hearts produce  
 The passions' bonds, the pleading ruling truce.  
 What world of homage Nature pays the child,  
 The life that pleads, "Pa, Ma, be reconciled !" <sup>1</sup>  
 Then fall the doors, that shine with spoils and gold.  
 The flames retreat ; the Grecians search the hold.

. . . . .

Perhaps a pity lingers still to weep  
 How Priam died ? The monarch saw Troy's heap,  
 His gates unhinged, the palace full of foes,  
 Then dons his armour, long disused to blows,

<sup>1</sup> I have removed the following line, in deference to lexicographers, but note it to challenge their pronunciation of *exiled*. The verb is to *exile*, with the accent on the ultimate. I think the past participle *exiled* should have the accent on the ultimate also. Deference has destroyed the best line in the second book—

'The string recalling nobleness *exiled*.'

For age had shaken strength, though not the heart.  
He fights to die, though vainly flies the dart.

. . . . .

An aged laurel shaded Priam's shrine,  
Where Hecuba and daughters vainly twine  
The shielding household gods, as pigeons flock,  
And fly in dread before the tempest's shock.  
But Hecuba, on seeing Priam's sword  
And youthful arms, cries out, "Unhappy lord!  
What madness urged you don your arms, and where  
Would you be gone? The time can well forbear  
Your feeble aid—defences such as these.  
Not Hector could avail. Remain at ease.  
This altar guards, or death with you is sweet!"  
She spake, embraced, and led him to a seat.

. . . . .

But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons,  
Flees darts and foes, through halls, and, wounded, runs

As Pyrrhus, raging from a smarting thrust,  
Pursues and threats to spear him to the dust.  
Polites staggers on, but falls and dies,  
A bloody sight, before his parent's eyes.  
On which the king, defying certain death,  
Restrained nor passion, nor denouncing breath,  
But cries, " May gods, if heavenly justice see,  
Avenge such crimes most fearfully on thee,  
Who slew my son before my face, defiled  
My sight with filial blood ! You falsely styled  
Yourself Achilles' son ! Not even he,  
A foe, could spurn—the Priam's bending knee,  
But showed respect for laws, the suppliant's claim  
Returned me Hector's body for the flame,  
And sent me back to reign." The monarch  
spoke,  
And hurled a feeble dart, which vainly broke  
The buckler's boss ; the brass repelled the stroke.  
Achilles' son replies, " Yourself shall bear  
This message to Achilles of his heir.

Detail my crimes, nor fail to testify  
How base is Pyrrhus. Now prepare to die!"  
He, speaking, seized him, terror-struck to hear,  
Forced sire on son, the shrine a common bier.  
His left hand grasped the silvery locks, the right  
Unsheathed and plunged the cruel blade from sight.  
Thus Priam fell, and such his dying doom,  
To see his city burnt, its walls a tomb :  
And he who governed Asia rots on shore,  
A huge and headless trunk, but known no more.  
Yes then, I hear—fell horror clank its chain.  
Aghast my fancy sees my father slain  
(Although of Priam's age), my plundered home,  
Creüsa and Iulus left to roam.  
I look for troops, but all had fled distressed.  
Some sank to earth, the fires burned the rest.  
And thus I stand alone : but wandering on,  
Observing closely where the fires shone,  
I see fair Helen hiding on the watch  
In Vesta's temple. She, the hated blotch

Of war, embraced the shrine, and feared the sword  
Of Troy and Greece, the anger of her lord.  
Resentment stings, and vengeance points the knife,  
To search her heart, a forfeit to the strife.  
Should she, a queen, triumphantly regain  
Her husband's country, Sparta, see again  
Her parents' house and sons, her marriage bed,  
With Troy's and Phrygia's dames to hand her bread?  
Not so; for though no heroism lies  
In slaughtering women, nor will victory prize  
Its usual honour—still some praise were mine  
If I should kill this firebrand, assign  
The punishment her due: and I would reap  
Vindictive joy, and soothe the dead I weep.  
While thus enraged my loving mother came,  
And lit the night with heaven's brilliant flame,  
More beautiful than she had seemed before,  
In all the glorious majesty she bore  
Amid the gods; her right hand held me fast,  
Her rosy lips thus cooled my passions' blast:



“ O son, what raging passions rend your soul?  
Art mad ? or care you naught for my control ?  
Is duty dead, to sire, wife and boy ?  
Round whom, on every side, the Grecks destroy :  
And but for my protecting power the flame  
Or sword had drank their blood. Not Helen’s shame,  
(Your scorn) nor Paris judged ; but stern Olympic wrath,  
Has wrecked the state, gods swore it by their troth.  
But look ; (I clear the mist that dims your sight,)  
Nor fear obey ; believe your mother right !  
See here, mid ruins, smoke and dust,  
Where Neptune shakes the walls with trident’s thrust,  
And hurls the mighty city from its base.  
See there, where Juno guards the Scæan space ;  
With sword in hand, and vengeful scowls to greet  
The troops her fury summons from the fleet.  
Behold where Pallas glitters on the tower  
And grasps her stone-compelling Gorgon power.  
Why even Jove supports the fainting foe,  
Excites the gods to Trojan overthrow.

Then flee, my son, cease fighting, I will guide  
You safely home, and never leave your side.”  
She spake ; I see her not, but ghastly forms  
The hostile gods, that rage amid the storms.  
The Troy of Neptune glares a sheet of flame.  
Foundations rise to burn its very name.  
As where had grown the ancient mountain ash ?  
Whose quivering summit threatened to the gash,  
But fell at length, o’ercome by many blows,  
And roared defiant ruin at its foes.  
I gain the street, and follow godly guide  
Through fire, and foes, that yield on every side.  
I reach my home, my first thought is to bear  
My father to the mount. Alas ! despair  
Destroys his wish for life, with Troy it dies,  
He will not suffer exile but replies,  
“ Escape, enduring youths, enough and more  
That I have lived through one such scene before.  
Would gods preserve my life, they would my home :  
Then leave me thus, prepared to meet my doom.

This hand, or robbers' steel shall end my fears.  
'To die is gain : ' for I have lived for years,  
Accursed by gods, and useless to my kind,  
Since Jove's avenging lightning struck me blind."  
So thus, his heavy grief is deaf to us,  
Though I, Creüsa, and Ascanius,  
Together with the household shedding tears  
Beseech him not to ruin all. He hears,  
But will not heed. Again I seek the fight.  
My agony would die ; for what respite,  
Or help could fortune bring ? " Hoped you, my sire,  
That I would flee, and leave you to the fire ?  
Could any parent speak the impious thought ?  
If gods refuse to save, if they have wrought  
This purpose to destroy yourself and yours ;  
A swift destruction hastens to your doors :  
For Pyrrhus, Priam's murderer, comes apace,  
Who slays the son before the father's face ;  
Profanes the altars with the father's gore.  
Was this, beloved mother, why you bore

Me through the darts and flames? to curse my  
sight

With Greeks within these sacred walls? affright  
My ears with dying shrieks, of sire and wife,  
And son! to arms, my men, bring arms, the life  
Which naught can save demands the deeper strife.

But point the foe, and plunge me in the fray.

A Greek a moment dies for Troy to-day."

I gird my sword, was buckling on my shield,

Deserting home to seek the battle field,

But lo! Creüsa clings about my feet

And holds up small Iulus to entreat!

"If you would die; we seek to share your fate,

But if experience lends your arms some weight,

Defend your home! Who guards your little son,

Your sire; the wife you quite forget you won?"

Entreating thus, out burst her pent-up strife,

The mother's anguish; passion of the wife.


The fearful conflict of her woe resounds

And rings the palace to its utmost bounds.

But hear, a wondrous sight. While kissed, embraced,

Iulus' hair emits a flame, which traced  
A harmless path around his brow. We blench  
With fear ; put out the blazing locks, and quench  
The sacred flame. My sire, however, starts  
With sudden joy ; addresses Jove, up-darts  
Beseeching palms. " O God whom all adore,  
If prayers move, then hear—we ask no more :  
But if we have deserved ? then grant us aid,  
And show that these are omens thou hast  
made."


He spake ; then thunder shook the left, a star  
With falling brilliance flashed its light afar.  
We watch it glide across the palace height  
To Ida's woods, it points the way for flight.  
Its track is lit for miles on every side.  
The country smokes, a hot sulphureous guide.  
My father yields, and towers to his height,  
Addresses gods ; adores the holy light.



“No more delay! I follow where you shine.  
O gods of Troy, protect my noble line;  
Preserve the boy: the omens come from you,  
And at your will, Troy dies, or lives anew.  
My son, I yield, no longer be deterred.”  
My father spake; the roaring flame is heard  
As nearer rolls the fire. I urge him mount.  
My shoulders feel the weight of no account.  
Whatever haps, we die, or flee as one.  
Iulus comes with me, my wife may run  
A little way behind. “You servants heed.  
A hill will mark the path by which you speed.  
A ruined fane of Ceres crowns the height  
With aged cypress, guarded as a rite;  
To it, let all repair by different routes.  
My father take the gods and rites; the gouts  
Of blood from recent strife forbid my hand  
Till cleansed by running stream.” I thus command,  
And deck my back with cloth and lion’s skin,  
Receive my burden, grasp the boy within

My right, who toddles on. My wife is nigh  
Behind. We haste through gloomy paths, and I  
Who scorned the foe, now fear each breath and  
sound.

I near the gate; and think my safety found,  
But hear pursuit! My father scans the night,  
Cries "Flee my son! they come, I see the light  
Of shields and glittering brass." I hurry thence,  
But some unfriendly god confounds my sense.  
For while I flee by narrow lanes and shun  
The streets; alas my wife was lost: and none  
Can say she strayed, or tired by the way.  
My eyes have never seen her from the day.  
I neither missed, nor thought of her, the while  
Until we gained the mound and sacred pile:  
Yet she alone had failed, and filled with grief  
Her household son and spouse. I cursed the  
thief,  
Or god, or man; for who escaped my blame?  
What greater agony befell the flame?



I bid my household guard my sire, and boy,  
Sojourn the vale, protect the gods of Troy.  
But I return and don my gleaming brass,  
Resolved to seek through every hidden pass :  
To dare, again, the smoke, the ruin's crash,  
The fiery furnace, and the weapons' gash.  
I hunt by walls, through shaded porch, retrace  
My steps, and keenly search, the traversed space,  
Though full of ghastly scenes, and silent dread.  
Thence home, should chance, should any chance have led  
Her weary footsteps there. I see the foe—  
The blighting flames, which tower as they glow.  
I turn to Priam's palace, seek the fort,  
But in the ruined cloisters of the court  
Behold a worthy watch !!! The Dolops' king,  
And fierce Ulysses, guard what spoilers bring  
On every side, from out the burning fanes :  
The godly tables, golden goblets, trains.  
While captive boys, and timorous maidens form  
A woe-begotten band. But foeman's storm,



Could never fright the anguish of my soul.  
Creüsa's name, must wake each shady goal.  
I yell it forth, again, and yet again.  
It rings, through mighty Troy—alas in vain!  
My straining, starting eyes, and maddened calls  
Pursue the furnace in and out the walls,  
When lo, Creüsa's ghost! a mournful sprite  
And mightily enlarged. I freeze with fright.  
My hair, and tongue are stiffened at the sight.  
She speaks, relieves my fear. "Beloved spouse,  
Why raise this maddened grief? the world but  
bows

To Jove; and he retains your wife. Your fate  
Is banishment for years. Your fleet must grate  
On many shores, until your sun shall rise  
Where Tiber gently curbs the strong and wise.  
Continuous joy, a crown, and queenly mate  
Await you there. Restrain your tears. My fate  
As daughter-in-law to Venus, also born  
From Dardanus, forbids a master's scorn

Or Myrmidon, Dolopian, or of Greece :  
 But mighty Juno keeps me here in peace.  
 And now farewell. Protect and guard the boy  
 That crowned our blissful loves with common joy."

. . . . .

She spake ; and shadowed as she passed in air,  
 A ghastly horror, white, with gaunt despair.  
 My thumping brain was thirsting for relief,  
 But stuttering utterance staggered with its grief :  
 Nor words, nor sympathy can ever heal  
 The sorrows welcome graves alone conceal.  
 I clasp in vain, for thrice the phantom fled  
 Like fleeting winds, a dream which wakes with dread.  
 I join my friends, and see a wondrous throng  
 Of either sex, the tottering and the strong :  
 A gathered band ; evicted, forced to roam  
 In wretched plight, unknown without a home.  
 They crowd around ; declare on every side  
 Their firm resolve to follow where I guide.

The morning star, the herald of the day,  
Relights Mount Ida's crags. The Greek array  
Holds every gate. Hope dries within her fount.  
I yield, and bear my father to the mount.'

## NOTES.

## BOOK I.

LINES 69, 70.

*Submersasque obrue puppes ;**Aut age diversos, et disjice corpora ponto.*

THE meaning of this passage turns on the *aut*, and the word *corpora*. The ordinary translation is, 'sink their sunken ships,' or, 'drive them different ways, and scatter the bodies on the deep.' *Submersasque obrue puppes* is supposed to conform to the Greek mode of expression, but I see no reason why Virgil was bound to follow former modes of expression. I understand 'sunken ships' to mean the vessels which have been partly submerged, in other words, 'floating ships.' *Aut* shows that Juno made a second request that Æolus would scatter the fleet if he could not sink it, and, *having so far surrendered her vengeance*, she calls upon him 'to scatter the fleet, and send each single crew in a different direction ;' *corpora* meaning the 'crews' of the fleet, and not individual 'bodies.'

## LINE 106.

*His unda dehiscens**Terram inter fluctus aperit.*

The ordinary translation is, 'To these, the yawning gulf opened the earth between the waves.' The passage may be fairly called a figure of speech, for a man of Virgil's capacity was not at all likely to write rank nonsense. Supposing *terram* to mean the world, and, in this passage, the sky, the elucidation is simple, and a very beautiful simile is apparent, the sense of *aperit* being fully borne out. *Unda dehiscens*, 'the yawning gulf opens the sky, amidst the waves;' the latter being compared to the leaves of a flower which lie back or open. It must be understood that in such a position the sky only can be seen.

## LINE 107.

*Furit æstus arenis.*

Is a 'race tide over a shallow.' I think the stopping is wrong, for '*abreptas*' are the vessels hurried along by the tide.

## LINE 145.

*levat ipse tridenti,**Et vastas aperit syrtes.*

Ordinary translation, 'He himself raises them with his trident, opens the sand-banks, and governs the sea.' I understand the passage to mean the above, with the exception of the last words. I translate them, 'adjusts the spray;' that is, 'Neptune proportioned the water to the vessels,' in fact, made canals for them. I have purposely chosen the word 'spray' for two reasons, firstly, some of the water must have been spray; but, secondly, the word carries a sarcasm with it.

## LINES 154, 155.

*Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora postquam**Prospiciens Genitor cœloque invectus aperto.*

Ordinary translation makes *invectus* agree with *Genitor*, but I think it agrees with *fragor*. A 'great darkness' was one of the peculiar features of the storm. Particular stress would naturally be laid on the return of light. I consider this is done by making *invectus* agree with *fragor*, and the passage reads, 'all the tumult of the sea fell, and all the disturbance of the sky was brought into open day.' Again, I see no necessity for any *que* after *prospiciens*—*flectit equos* follows naturally enough. Lastly, there could be no necessity to

mention that Neptune was borne at all, or make any further mention of the chariot until he turned his steeds to depart.

LINE 290.

*Vocabitur hic quoque votis.*

Ordinary translation, 'He shall be invoked by vows.' Custom is in favour of the above, but I take the liberty of reading *hic* as an adverb, and translate, 'In this matter, it shall be cited according to your wishes.'

LINE 438.

*Et fastigia suspicit urbis.*

Is perhaps the hardest in the first Book to understand; it may mean a great many things; and I offer my explanation for what it is worth.

Here, especially, we must consider whether Virgil had an ordinary or an extraordinary mind. Enēius, we must remember, was standing on a hill, at some distance from the town; so that to suppose he ran his eye from the bottom to the top of the walls is a very far-fetched idea, for the walls were no great height, and it would be difficult to look at one part without seeing the whole height. Again, the text gives us to understand that he has closely surveyed the city for some time, and has noticed every part exposed to view; so

that it is not like a writer of Virgil's capacity to suddenly introduce him as looking at any particular part for the first time. The key to the passage lies in the *et*, it is the connecting link, and connects the train of thought of Enēius. The preceding line shows distinctly that his train of thought was of the happy people who possessed a city, and who were happy simply on that account; now, following this train of thought, *suspicit*, he mentally thinks of the confines of the city, mentally comparing his lot with that of the Tyrians, thinking how happy they were with their city, while he had not even the confines of one, or the spot whereon to build one.

## LINE 478.

*Et versâ pulvis inscribitur hastâ.*

I do not think that this spear could by any possibility be that of Achilles; all the laws of mechanics are against the supposition. If the spear struck Troilus in front, it would have the blunt end towards the horses; if it struck him behind, he would be lying on it, and the end would not touch the ground. Virgil says, *versâ hastâ*; neither of the above cases would represent *versâ hastâ*, which means, 'reversed with the point from the enemy, or the front.' *Amissis armis* does not necessarily mean 'without any arms at all,' but the want of power to use them. I believe the spear to have been that of Troilus, clutched with the reins in his hands, the



point having fallen to the rear as it naturally would. The spears were grasped to be thrown, so that when held perpendicular, the point must have been towards the earth, and would, of course, fall behind whenever the spear was trailed. I have supposed that Achilles was in hot pursuit.

## LINE 515.

*Sed res animos incognita turbat.*

Evidently applies to their disguise, which they could not break through of their own accord, as is shown by line 580, *jamdudum erumpere nubem ardebant*.

O Queen, whom Jove has honoured with the power  
To found a lasting name, in town and tower,  
Has blessed with heavenly justice, to prevent  
The grasping tread, the arrogant ascent;  
To rule and curb, yet own a common need,  
To share the soil, to listen, speak, and read.

## LINE 552.

*Et sylvis aptare trabes, et stringere remos.*

*Trabes* means 'the small trees or shoots,' as opposed to *silvis*; and *stringere remos* means 'to fish the oars,' or strengthen them by placing other pieces of wood lengthways along them, and then binding them round. Oars cannot be made out of green wood.

## LINE 607.

*dum montibus umbræ**Lustrabunt convexa.*

The peculiar genius of Virgil is shown to the utmost, not only as a writer, in choosing exactly the right words to convey his meaning, but also in applying *convexa* to the only thing in this world of ours which is simply convex, or approaches that form, and may justly be described as such. Nearly everything in the world which is convex is also concave. A bow when strung is concave to the archer, but convex to the object shot at. A shadow falling in a basin of water is not really concave or convex, but its edge is both, and each in turn, according to the position of the observer. A round moveable rock presents a convex surface, but even this can be rendered concave by hollowing out the rock, so that it may be both convex and concave after such hollowing process. But the *convexa* of Virgil are *convexa* simply, and cannot be rendered concave. He very aptly applies the term to the prominent parts of the mountains, which, in snow-worn ranges like the Himalayas of India, have a very convex appearance when seen from a distance. And so as thoroughly to convey his idea, and to show that he did not wish to include the concave hollows or defiles, on each side of such *convexa*, he adds the word *lustrabunt*, which being in the future tense, implies a continued motion of the shadows; and refers the *umbræ*, not to the actual shadows

thrown by the *convexa* into the gloomy defiles, but to that rapid play of light and shade which falls on the *convexa* themselves, and is formed by the clouds, which abound in great quantities in such regions. Now the shadows thrown into the defiles appear to slumber there, or, at least, to move very slowly, too slowly to bear out the meaning of *lustrabunt*. I owe the elucidation of *convexa* entirely to the fact of having spent hours watching the light and shade on the glorious mountains which surround the valley of Cashmere; and I have seen nothing of the same sort in the mountain scenery of Great Britain. *Convexa*, however, when understood, may be noticed even on a hilly road, where such road runs in a succession of ups and downs; for the pedestrian has only to stand on the crest of the hill and look down each side, and he at once sees the *convexa*. It is a term which, in its pure construction, as meaning only convex, may be applied to all such substances as cannot be rendered concave without destroying their convexity. I confess I know nothing but hills and mountains that this can be said of. The wave of a sea may be called convex only, but it is a mere transitive state.

## LINE 742.

*Hic canit errantem Lunam, Solisque labores.*

Ordinary translation, 'He sings the wandering moon, and the eclipses of the sun.' *Errantem Lunam* again shows the

genius of Virgil; he could not have hit off a better word, as opposed to *labores*. *Errantem* means 'the fitful, the changing;' *errantem Lunam* means 'the changes of the moon;' *labores* 'the steadfast labour of the sun,' or, 'the unchanging sun,' i.e. 'the sun.'

## BOOK II.

## LINE 333.

*Stat ferri acies mucrone corusco**Stricta.*

Is usually translated, 'The edged sword, with glittering point, stands unsheathed.' I understand the passage to be a figure of speech, and have translated accordingly. I mention the words *parata neci* as an example of words too many, which would be utterly unbearable if translated into the verse.

## LINE 378.

*Retroque pedem cum voce repressit.*

Is translated, 'And with his words recalled his hasty step.' I understand the passage to mean that he ordered a retreat.

## LINE 379.

*Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem  
Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit*

Is translated, 'As one who, in his heedless walk, hath trodden upon a snake, shooting unawares from rough thorns, and in fearful haste hath started back from him.' I read this

passage very differently. The above translation makes *nitens* agree with *anguem* ; I make it agree with *qui*, the nominative case, and I translate *veluti qui nitens* as one who straggling, *aspris sentibus*, through the rough thorns.

## LINE 396.

*haud numine nostro ;*

Is translated, 'But not with heaven on our side.' I translate, 'But not with our deity.' The Trojan shields bore the image of Minerva ; those of Greece, that of Neptune.

## LINES 442, 443.

*Hærent parietibus scalæ, postesque sub ipsos  
Nituntur gradibus,*

Is translated, 'Scaling-ladders are fixed on the walls, and by their steps they mount to the very door-posts.' I will pause for one moment to say that the only translation I have ever looked at (either poetical or prose) is Davidson's, first appended to my pocket Virgil. The passage just quoted is one of such intense difficulty, that after spending about a week over it, and having then failed to translate it to my satisfaction, I ordered the best published translation, for which I paid five shillings, and left it unopened in the hands of those I ordered it from. I found out the passage by pure accident. I knew what it meant, of course ; but I never allow myself to run away with a meaning which I cannot fit

to the Latin; and there was the difficulty. The pillars of the doorway of the Hampshire Banking Company at Southampton solved the problem. I saw at a glance, that if *Nituntur* could by any possibility mean 'to lean upon,' the difficulty was over. I therefore rushed back to Messrs. Rayner's, of the High Street, where Mr. F. G. Rayner was kind enough to lend me a Latin dictionary, and lo! there was the very meaning I wanted. A slight difficulty still remained about *sub*, but I found that it sometimes meant 'against,' consequently the translation was simple. '*Scalæ*' is, of course, the nominative both to *Hærent* and *Nituntur*, and the passage reads, 'The ladders cling to the walls, and lean against the pillars, on the very steps.'

## LINE 463.

*Aggressi ferro circum,*

Is translated, 'With our swords assailing all around.' I do not see why *ferro* is always to mean a sword. I think it certainly means a crowbar in this case.

## LINE 471.

*Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,  
Frigida sub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegerat,  
Nunc positus novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ,*

Is translated, 'As when a snake comes forth to light, having fed on noxious herbs, whom, bloated with poison, the

frozen winter hid under the earth, now renewed, and sleek with youth.' It is true that the snake hides in the earth, having fed on poisonous grass, but it is also true (and far more to the point) that the snake comes out of his hole, and commences to feed on the fresh spring grass. Such is what I understand Virgil to mean, and especially that the fresh skin glistens with the fresh poison extracted from the herbs.

## LINE 490.

*Amplexæque tenent postes, atque oscula figunt.*

Is translated, 'And in fast embraces hug the door-posts, and cling to them with their lips.'

*Tenent*, in this passage, as in many others, simply means 'occupied,' with regard to space; and that the women filled the doorways, and embraced each other.

The tenses are badly kept in the Latin. From line 500 I have chosen to maintain the same tense throughout, instead of following that of the Latin.

## LINE 529.

*illum ardens infesto vulnere Pyrrhus  
Insequitur,*

Is translated, 'Pyrrhus, all on fire, pursues him with the hostile weapon.'

A note says, '*Vulnus* is here used poetically for the



wounding weapon.' I differ entirely, *infesto* speaks for itself, and refers, of course, to a troublesome wound which Pyrrhus has received, most likely from Polites. *Infestus* means 'carried against,' with reference to weapons, but I see no reason why *vulnus* is to be twisted from its original meaning.

## LINE 646.

*facilis jactura sepulchri.*

Is translated, 'The rites of sepulture I can easily forego.' The three words form one of those peculiar difficulties to be met with in Virgil. It is true that the ancients thought a great deal about the rites of sepulture; still I do not think it would be a prominent idea amongst thousands of slain. I fancy the idea of death itself is referred to.

## SECOND READINGS.

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### *BOOK I.*

#### LINES OF LATIN 19—28.

But she had heard a regal race should spring  
From Teucer's line (renowned for war), and bring  
Destruction into Libya, level Tyre,  
As destiny ordained. Saturnia's ire  
Remembers this with dread, and weary war  
She waged that Greece should float in Trojan gore.  
Nor ceased the insult's sting : her lord's neglect,  
Electra's hated loves, that honour decked  
The ravished Ganymede, that Paris judged  
Were bitter wrongs most deeply to be grudged.

#### LINES 64—66.

To him the Queen makes this distressed appeal :  
' O Æolus, whom Jove ordained to seal  
The mirror of the deep, or threat the keel.' ,

or,

The Queen appeals, ' O Æolus, to whom  
The seaman owes his safety or a tomb.'

## LINES 405—409.

The hero knows his mother, and laments :  
' Why ever mock me thus ? or what prevents  
Your clasping to your breast a filial heart ?  
My drinking in the whispers you impart ? '

## LINES 522, 523.

O Queen, whose every temple, grove, and tower  
Reflects the brilliant beams of Jovian power :  
Whose justice, showered from Olympian heights,  
Contents a haughty people with their rights.

## LINES 544, 545.

Enēius was our king, whom none excelled  
In piety, command, where steel compelled.

*BOOK II.*

LINES 10, 11.

But since your loving heart desires to beat  
A pity, woe for woe, and Troy's defeat.

LINES 241, 242.

My country, Troy, O home of gods, thou wall  
Whose every stone has marked a Trojan fall  
Whose bosom barred the death; whose stern defiance  
A world of faith; invincible reliance.

LINES 267—269.

The foe becomes as one; and this befell  
When mirth and misery lose their waking spell.

or

and this befell

When, first, sleep, sent from heaven, lifts man from hell.

## LINES 314—317.

The shouts of men and trumpets' clangour rise;  
I seize my arms, but seek some enterprise.  
I burn to raise a band, assault the foe :  
Revenge and honoured death dictate the blow.

## LINES 360—363.

The night was dark, its slaughter beggars speech :  
How count the slain, or drop a tear for each ?

## LINES 624, 625.

Then Neptune's Troy appears a sheet of fire,  
A point for time to query and enquire.









